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CONSTIPATION Cured. Piles Prevented, by lapanese Liver Pellets the great LIVER and STOMACH REGULATOR and BLOOP PURIFIER. Small, mild and pleasant to take, especially adapted for children's use. 60 Doses

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GREAT INDUCEMENTS TO GO WEST.

Salem having been connected with Roanoke by electric cars, which as-sures cheap and rapid transit to par-ties living in Salem and working in Roanoke, and as Salem can give in her Roanoke, and as Salem can give in her different factories employment to a large number of young ladies; also cheap homes either to renters or buyers. This in connection with her cheap markets make it very desirable to the majority of us just now. For further information address box 66, Salem, Va. 10 law lmo

Excursion to Atlantic City.

THE Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company announces a low rate excursion to Atlantic City on Thursday, July 20. The train service provided for the occasion will be unexcelled, and the country through which passengers travel is without a rival in the picturesqueness and variety of its scenery. Tickets will be valid for return journey Tickets will be valid for return journey twelve days, and will permit stop over at Washington on return journey, affording an opportunity to visit the public buildings, which are open to visitors free of charge, and to take a trip down to Mt. Vernon, the tomb of Washington, as well as visit other places of interest near Washington. For rates and times of trains consult appended table: A. M. A. M. A. M. RATE.

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Cave Station		12 31	9 41
Mt. Crawford	7 46	12 48	9 30
Harrisonburg	8 11	1 (2)	9 15
Broadway	8 39	1 59	5 95
New Market	8 55	1 55	8.81
Quicksburg	11 (12)	2 (r)	8 70
Mt. Jackson	9 13	2 13	8 50
Woodstock	9 43	2 44	7.85
Tom Brook	9 57	3 61	7.55
Strasburg	10 19	3 08	7 40
Capon Road	10 01	3 26	7 30
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APPINE D. M.			

Correspondingly low rates from other Correspondingly low rates from earlier car from Staunton to Philadelphia on afternoon train. For more detailed information apply to C. E. Dudrow, traveling

See the World's Fair for Fifteen Cents.

See the World's Fair for Fifteen Cents.

Upon receipt of your address and fifteen cents in postage stamps, we will mail you prepaid our Souvenir Portfolio of the World's Columbian Exposition, the regular price is fifty cents, but as we went you to have one, we make the price normal. You will find it a work of art and a thing to be prized. It contains full page views of the great buildings, with description of same, and is executed in highest style of art. If not satisfied with it, after you get it was satisfied with it, after you get it, we will refund the stamps and let you keep the book. Address H. E. BUCKLEN & Co., Chicago, Ill.

All Free.

Those who have used Dr King's New Discovery know its value, and those who have not, have now the opportunity to try it free. Call on the advertised druggist and get a trial battle. free. Send your name and address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills free, as well as a copy of Guide to Health and Household Instructor, free. All of which is guaranteed to do you good and cost you nothing. Christian & Barbee.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulsers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and posttively cures piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price, 25 cents per box. For sale by Christian & Barbee.

W. P. Drop, druggist, Springfield, Mass., writes: "Japanese Pile Cure has cured lady, 7 years afflicted; could not walk half mile in last 3 years; now walks any distance." Sold by Christian & Barbee.

EAGLE dairy restaurant and ice cream parlor, 144 Salem avenue, best tableser vice in the city. Breakfast, 25 cents; dinner, 35 cents; supper, 25. Parties served C. T. Lukens, proprietor.

THE TIMES KODAK.

Interesting News Items Gathered Around Salem.

An order has been entered in vacation in the circuit court of Roanoke county appointing Henderson Lee commissioner in chancery in place of W. W. Moffett, who resigned in his favor.

Milton Ligon, son of G. Jones Ligon, has returned from a visit to Glade

Jasper, son of Frank Goodwin, of West Salem, while visiting his grand-mother in the Bend neighborhood last week, fell off a log bridge and broke his

The lecture in the town hall Saturday night on "Poets and Poetry." by Prof. F. V. N. Painter, was heartily enjoyed by all those who could appreciate the many rich gems of poesy which were sprinkled throughout this most charming and learned discourse. The lecture is the result of long study and familiarity with all the best writers,

George C. Hill, the electrician, who has been over to the Red Sulphur Springs for the benefit of his health, has returned without the desired improvement.

Dr. Jeter returned Saturday from a visit of several weeks to his daughter at Hagerstown

Rev. Thomas Bittle, of Texas, preached two splendid sermons Sunday morning and night at the Episcopal Church.

Hon. John E. Massey, State superintendent of education, who is spending a few days in Salem, supplied Dr. Taylor's pulpit Sunday morning and at night preached in the First Colored Baptist Church, of which Rev. B. F. Fox is pastor.

The waiters at Hotel Lucerne went on a strike for higher wages Monday, but their places were soon supplied by

George Helms, of Franklin county, was in town yesterdag on business.

Miss Marce Jones, who is attending the school of methods, was called home to Lynchburg by the death of her niece and namesake.

A telegram was received yesterday from Leadville, Colo., conveying the news that Lewis White, who left Salem about ten years ago, died there Sunday. Deceased was the son of Alick White, who lives about a couple of miles west of Salem.

Hon. John E. Massey is corresponding with the railroads to secure extension of time on the tickets of those who wish to stay over to take the examinations for State and life certificates which take place Saturday, Monday, Tuesduy and Wednesday next.

Tuesduy and Wednesday next.

The July term of Roanoke county court convened yesterday, Judge W. W. Moffett presiding, and the following business was transacted: The grand jury was sworn as follows: John A. Henderson, foreman; W. H. Barnett, A. J. Heslip, J. W. Kenlar, Geo. A. Beamer, Geo. B. Johnston, Benjamin Henry, Frank P. Nininger and dreed Harris, and found an indictment against Henry Creasy (felony) for entering the house of Mrs. Morgan with intent to rob. In the appeal case of commonwealth

Henry Creasy (felony) for entering the house of Mrs. Morgan with intent to rob. In the appeal case of commonwealth versus William Angell the warrant was quashed and case dismissed.

In the case of T. Puckett & Son versus J. D. McCreary, J. D. Porter, president of Roanoke Iron Company, appeared and answered that they were not indebted to the defendant.

M. M. Moore was appointed by the court (baving failed to qualify before July 1) as justice of the peace in Catawba district and qualified as such. Order of June court committing estate of Mrs. Helen Parsons, deceased, to the sheriff revoked and George N. Parsons, qualified as administrator, giving bond for \$200, with Thomas A. Snead as surety: appraisers, A. H. Whitesell, J. W. Hypes, A. J. Thomas, S. A. Wilson and T. A. Snead.

The will of Betsy Rayford was partly proved by the oath of W. W. Ballard.

B. B. Pedigo was granted licence to sell liquor by retail at Park Spring saloon on Bedford street in Vinton, giving bond for \$250; surety, J. H. Pedigo.

giving bond for \$250; surety, J. H. Pedigo.

Alter Carter was exempted from pay-

ment of cipitation taxes.

The case of Henry Creasy for burglary was continued to next court on motion

of defendant.
Thomas J. Henderson was appointed

Thomas 3. Henderson was appointed guardian of Bessie B. Henderson, giving bond for \$5,000, with James K. Henderson surety, and guardian of Mattie B. Henderson, giving bond for \$10,000, with the same surety.

In the case of William Minnix, the case of will be wil

charged with assaulting James Griscow near Cave Spring, June, 1892, the pris-oner pleaded not guilty, but the jury found him guilty and assessed his fine at 85.

An application of thirty-two signers was filed for a veting precinct at the Norwich Lock Works.

VIRGINIA NOTES.

James Vass, of Culpeper, has filed an application for appointment as special agent of the treasury at the Seal Islands, and H. C. Coon, of Culpeper county, wants to be an internal revenue agent.

wants to be an internal revenue agent.

Mr. John Hattersly died suddenly at the Albemarle scapstone quarry yesterday morning. Deceased was a native of New Jersey and was largely interested in the extensive scapstone works, situated near North Garden, in Albemarle county, and of which he was man-

"Oak Grove," the home of the late

Mr. Lee W. Wallace, of Stafford county, was arrested yesterday by a deputy United States marshal and taken to Richmond to answer before a United States correlations to a charge the state of the state United States commissioner to a charge of perjury. The warrant alleges that in applying for United States mail ser-

A TEXAS NORTHER.

We were siding along the middle fork of the Concho, Lieutenant Ward of the Tenth cavalry, Caswell, chief clerk at the post sutler's, and myself. We had been out after antelope without success and late in the afternoon found ourselves some 20 miles from Fort Concho, men and mounts tired with a day's pounding over the plains. Private Bilkins, whom the lieutenant healtaken along to spread our noonday lunch and lead the pack horse, rode at the rear, his big gray following with the faithfulness of a troop horse, while the pack animal bore no heavier a burden than a pair of jack rab-bits which Caswell had ignominiously potted.

A blast of air, so cold that it seemed to almost freeze one's blood, rushed over us just as the sun was hidden on the horizon by the advancing cloud. A band of cattle, 200 or more in compact mass, plunged madly past, their heads near the ground and their long horns shining in the glow of the false twilight. Crash, through the underbrush, splash, through the stream, and then wildly on toward the southward tore the cattle.

Over a swell of the plains came other herds all running like race horses. Antelope, whose fleet feet and farreaching vision had been their own protection and the cause of our failure all the day, skimmed the ground, their white tails bobbing with their nimble bounds. To the southward, always to the southward fled the creatures of the plains as if in flight lay safety from the blast, as if flesh and blood could outspeed the ice wind.

"She's coming!" exclaimed the lieutenant. Inelegant, perhaps, but save in its unwarranted designation of a meteorological gender entirely truthful. Turn ing our horses sharply to the right and restraining at the beginning their syintoms of a desire to bolt, we rode into the thickest of the timber and then eastward at a gallop which lacked little of a lively run. Colder blew the north wind. Blast driven drops of rain began to slap our cheeks with their stinging picket warnings that the storm was nearly upon us, and we were anxiously looking for some embankment along the stream which would partially shelter us under its lee when Bilkins wantonly broke the rules and regulations of the service by treating his superior officer in a most flippant and unmilitary manner. His big gray bounded by, the packhorse to giant leaps. keeping noble time "Come on," yelled Bilkins. There's a

He doubtless added something more. but his words, like the cattle, went to the southward. We overtook Bilkins in 50 yards and in 50 more ended a wild race to a miserable shanty which the sharp eyes of the soldier had seen.

Before we could dismount half a dozen men came out, and the cheery voice of Captain Hall was heard: "Just in time, licutemant! Boys, help the gentlemen with their horses.

Five minutes later the animals were safe in a corral near the shanty, from which they could not escape during the storm, and we were in the house, where Captain Hall and a detail of state rangers had taken refuge. A fire was soon roaring in the old fireplace, for the fierce wind without caused a magnificent draft.

Darkness and the storm. Men rolled in saddle blankets and sleeping on the dirt floor. The dreary drip of drops which came through the leaking roof. And the roar added to the blast, and the ground trembles as a herd of bellowing cattle thunders past.
"What a night and what a storm?"

said Captain Hall. "I pity any cowboy who is caught out tonight. No man could live through such a norther unless he was muffled like an Eskimo."

We didn't know it men, but later we learned that all alone a woman was riding through the night, while we huddled in the shanty. The bitter wind, rain which froze where it fell, even death in the darkness, were defied by a love which bore a woman to warn as worthless a scoundrel as lived in Texas.

A long time Captain Hall gazed at the fire, his big eyes looking bigger in the blaze, Very innocent eyes were his, mild and liquid like a maiden's. This leader of the rangers, captain of a daring band of reckless riders whose mission was the capture of desperate outlaws, had the face of a poet and the eyes

Fort Concho must be rather dreary. Get up, guard, mount, drill, the sunset gun, taps, go to bed. Isn't that about the routine? Come with us in the morning and see us catch Jack Brown. He's at a ranch some four miles from Johnson station and about eight miles from here. We'll surround the ranchhouse as soon as it's light, and if there's any shooting you can watch it from the timber. Then we'll all go back to the fort together. We'll have breakfast at the ranch, and that will be worth staying over for. See us capture Brown and get your breakfast.

"You forget I am a soldier," replied Lieutenant Ward, somewhat nettled, "and would hardly hide behind a tree while a dozen men captured a single out-

"Pshaw," said Captain Hall. "It isn't in the line of your duty to expose your-self to the bullets of any cattle thief the rangers may arrest. I don't suppose "Oak Grove," the home of the late Mrs. Fannie L. Chanceller, which was purchased by Mr. Ves. Chanceller a short time ago, wayon Wednesday purchased by Mr. Sayder Bradford, of Norfolk, for the sum of \$4,000. The farm is situated about two miles and a half from Fredericksburg on the plank road.

I remembered this Jack Brown as a gambler and a swaggering bully, but really dangerous; a man who was ready to shoot on small provocation and proud in applying for United States mail service, he made oath that he had been a citizen of Virginia for ten years previous.

of his reputation as a second class day perado. While Captain Hall was talking I had a vision of a swarthy, black haired man dressed like a cowboy, who of his reputation as a second class des

was slapping the face of a Mexican girl. The girl was crouching against the adobe wall of Morris' dance hall at San Angelo and offering no resistance to his blows, but only cried, "Oh, Jack! Jack!" A dozen men stood near, but none offered to interfere. I remembered that I actually started for the pair, intending in some vague way to protest, but ere I reached them the man entered the dance hall. Five minutes afterward the girl was paying for his liquor at the bar, and I was congratulating my: I that I had escaped from perpetrating one of the

most foolish acts of my life.

The girl was known as "Press," a half caste Mexican creature, who gave Brown the larger share of her earnings, bore his blows with meekness and would have driven a stiletto into the man who con-quered him in an encounter. But Hall vas saying:

"We learned at San Angelo yesterday that Brown was at the cattle ranch. Sergeant Watson got quite thick with the girl Press, but she knew nothing about Brown or pretended ignorance. We intended to reach the ranch at sunset, but the norther stopped us.

"That girl Press is devoted to Brown and would raise money some way to bribe a Mexican to warn him, but money would not hire a Mexican, or any other man, to face this norther, so there is no danger that he will be on guard. cannot escape unless he was caught out on the range in the storm and is now at some other ranch."

There was only a faint glow in the east when we mounted our horses next morning. The norther had spent its fury, and the promise of a pleasant day wa borne on the soft winds of the south Only a faint tremor, a lingering chill in the early air, as if the trees and grass were shaking off the coldness of the were shading of the coldness of the night. A sharp ride to the westward, and just as the scarlet banners of the sun was seen in the horizon we drew rein in the wood some hundred yards from the house where Jack Brown was supposed to be hiding. The ranchhouse was a wratched thing cold thing. was a wretched thing constructed of up right poles, the cracks being filled with mud. At the rear a shed with a sloping roof. The house had been built within a few feet of the stream where the bank was some 12 feet high. A door in the front room opened to the southward; one in the shed to the north.

Like Indians surrounding the cabin of

the settler, the rangers stationed themselves in the form of a horseshoe around the house, the "points," or "heels" of the shoe resting on the bank of the stream when the rear door could be commanded by a cross fire. I confess I felt, as I watched these preparations, very much as I imagine a robber must feel while he reconnoiters a dwelling when intent upon some unlawful undertaking. Everything was ready. Captain Hall, Lientenant Ward, Caswell and four rangers rode to the front of the house and stopped some hundred feet from the door. Then, for the first time, we saw a horse tied to a post near the doorway. Steam was rising from its sides; low drooping head and hollow flanks showed that the brute had been ridden long and

"One of the men has just got home," whispered Captain Hall as he dismounted. Accompanied by three of the rangers, while the fourth held the horses, he walked to the door.

"Hello!" was the response to his knock. A short parley, a demand for admittance, a profane reply and then the sharp report of a rifle. One of the rangers turned his back toward the house, took one step and fell heavily on his face. Crash! A dozen winchesters sent a dozen bullets into the house. Some struck the poles, but a few found their way through the mud mended cracks. No order to seek shelter of a tree was needed now. In two minutes Lieutenant Ward and Caswell had added their rifles to the fire, and after it was all over I found that the magazine of my own winchester was

The passion of a man hunt conquers, as it always will until in the evolution of time the intoxication of battle is outbred from human nature. I don't know how long we fired or how long the answering shots came from the shanty, but suddenly the door was flung inward, and a man stepped boldly out.

An instant the rifles cooled. I saw Jack Brown's gaudy sombrero, its wide rim and massive crown glistening with silver ornaments. Black hair hanging to the shoulders, the leather "chaps" of a cowboy, and then-straight outward shot two arms, gleaming black eyes sighted two heavy colts, and at their report a ranger dropped his rifle because a bullet had shattered an arm. Then a volley.

The broad hat slipped downward over the black eyes, straight up in the air two pistols sent their harmless lead and to the ground in a heap sank the body.

The rangers on guard at the rear ran toward the front when their ears told them the outlaw had braved his fate. We gathered around the fallen man, all honoring in our hearts the hopeless daring of his death, and Captain Hall lifted the sombrero from his face.

"The devil!" he yelled. rear, boys!"

Too late! Idle to beat the bush. Use less a hasty hunt through the timber Long afterward we knew that from the limb of an oak, around which a wild grapevine had woven its dense foliage, Jack Brown saw a sight which would have redeemed a being worth, in the broad economy of eternal time, the trou-

Love had faced that awful storm Love had done its best to bring a warn Love laid down its life that a mis erable and worse than worthless man might spring out of a door, plunge over an embankment and hide in a tree.

As tenderly as if her life had been all purity and her soul all untouched by sin we bore her body to the fort, and the next day, decently dressed in the garments of her sex, the body of Press was consigned to an unmarked grave on a barren hill not many yards from the spot where Brown used to beat her.

And no larger funeral had been seen

on the frontier .- C. W. Hunter in Short

REASONS

Why You Should Advertise in

THE ROANOKE TIMES.

CIRCULATION.

It has the largest circulation of any daily in Virginia west of Richmond.

It is the largest daily in Virginia-eight pages, forty-eight columns,

NUMBER OF ADVERTISEMENTS.

It prints a larger number of advertisements than any daily south of the Potomac and east of the Mississippi, three only excepted.

PATRONAGE.

It prints a larger number of advertisements than any other daily printed in a city of 25,000 inhabitants in America.

A CHALLENGE.

It challenges comparison with any daily in in America printed in a city of 25,000.

THE BIG FOUR.

Coal, Iron, Timber, Blue Grass.

REASONS

Why You Do Not Advertise in THE ROANOKE TIMES:

BECAUSE you don't know that Southwest Virginia has within ten years grown 200,000 in population and received

EIGHTY MILLION DOLLARS

of foreign capital.

BECAUSE you don't know that THE TIMES is the representative organ of that population and that capital.

BECAUSE you don't know that this new population presents the most fertile advertising field in America.

REASONS

WHY YOU SHOULD READ

The Roanoke Times.

CIRCULATION.

It has the largest circulation of any daily in Virginia west of Richmond.

It is the largest daily in Virginia-eight pages, forty-eight columns.

NEWS.

It prints a larger amount of news than any daily south of the Potomac and east of the Mississippi in any city the size of Roanoke.

PATRONAGE.

It prints a larger number of advertisements than any other daily printed in a city of 25,000 inhabitants in America.

A CHALLENGE.

It challenges comparison with any daily in America printed in a city of 25,000.

THE BIG FOUR.

Coal, Iron, Timber, Blue Grass.

REASONS

Why You Do Not Read THE ROANOKE TIMES:

BECAUSE you don't know that Roanoke has within ten years become the third largest city in Virginia.

Because you don't know that THE TIMES is the representative organ or Southwest Virginia.

Because you don't know that TEE TIMES is the best paper in Virginia, outside of Richmonf,